## In Coney's Wonderlands

The Cities of Illusions They Call Luna Park and Dreamland.

Luna Park and Dreamland.

The names are suggestive of beautiful white stillness and soft music and shadowy shapes, too intangible for the material world. But the New Yorker's idea of Dreamland and of Coney Island's Moon Park is different.

When the Manhattanite goes to Dreamland he wants to dash along, a mile at a breath, on a railway that takes you feet first, to be told by a palmist that he will be hanged in less than five years, or to see 4 lion bite off a tiger's head. Something exciting and lively for him.

If you don't believe that is what he wants, just watch him go in crowds and battalions and see the expressions of delight chase themselves over his face as he is shaken up and shaken down, fooled, laughed at,



STRENUOUS LIFE OF THE HINDU PRIEST. thrilled, startled, surprised and sent home empty in pocket and dislocated in body, his mind in the chaotic state of one who grasps at shadows believing them real.

They print a paper in Luna Park called the Evening Star. It should be called the Gasp. It is supposed to represent the day's doings, and they can all be contained

Said the ticket chopper: "Punched for 80,000 of 'em yesterday.

place a mass huge derricks and excavating machiner rise in the air to an aweimpelling height. The woman on the rear seat watched the huge machine swing back and forth. Then she announced he intentions

"You don't catch me riding on any of them things! Not if I know myself, and I hink I do."

Her companion was a man, and a mar always knows about all machinery "Hush!" And he looked about apprenensively. "That's a machine for lifting

The woman breathed more freely. "Well, anyway, Maggie told me about

omething that--" "Yes, that's in Luna Park."

stone. You don't have to go up in it."

You arrive in Dreamland and you leave Luna Park to music. There is music in the air, as they used to sing, and there's music in every other place. The air has no monopoly. There are tom-toms and orchestras:

there are trumpets and concertinas; there are pianos and harps and concatenations melodious sounds; there are drums and fifes and the beating of the surf on the piers and the bass roar of imprisoned animals. There is the soul stirring sound of the barkers' megaphones, and a mysterious undercurrent of harmonies which meet and blend with the rest to increase the Scientists say that no sound is ever lost.

Once released it travels on and on through eternity. This mysterious addition to the many noises must be the ghost of the pianos that were burned at Atlantic City a few weeks ago. No human agency could ever, even with all the appliances on hand, produce such an uninterrupted volume. And, speaking of eternity-

A corpulent gentleman who got entangled in one of the turnstiles stood for a moment without any attempt to extricate himself while he continued his conversation with is companion:

"Must bring wiffe down. She'll love this place. Whenever she opens her Bible she always reads that verse with so much pleasure-that one, you know, about there being many mansions. I tell her she'll try 'em all before eternity's through. We've moved six times in two years. Next time she gets the moving fever, down she comes here and I start her going through all these places. I tell you it runs eternity pretty close, don't it?"

Outside Bostock's the gentlemanly barker

optimistically, "my turn'll come." s saving: "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. See the The optimism was replaced by a touch only living Cestarire from Lofoden. It is of gloom. "Maxey got bit by a python yesterday!" 6 feet from the tip of its nose to the tip "Whiskey?" in that one word. of its tail, and 6 feet from the tip of its "Nope. You see that's where the tragedy tail to the tip of its nose, making in all, comes in. You don't have to take whiskey ladies and gentlemen, a length of twelve for a python bite; there ain't any poison "En;" are the Dreamlanders and Lunafeet. Walk in." in it-just the flesh wound; whiskey ain't The visitors walk in. "What we want Just before reaching the outfield of the to know," they told the official who ex-"Now, I ask you, ain't that just some fellers' luck? Work around among snakes for months, and when you do get bitten it's an old python instead of a rattler. Makes me think sometimes this animal work's too strenuous for me." It might be for him, but it certainly is not for one of the animal workers, who is a Hindu imported without duty. He sits on his heels and the air, hour after hour, brushing off flies from the sacred bull. At least one fly alights an hour. The sacred bull might be called the scarred bull, and there are few who would dispute the change in spelling. He is like an elongated Mexican dog, hairless and pink, and is covered with a cinematographic representation of immovable pictures, which an old gentleman in spectacles, frock coat and Dowie gestures said represented scenes in the life of the "goddess" Siva. Nobody disputed him. An old lady on the other side explained the modus operandi.

"They do it with an electry needle, poke it in like they tattoo mermaid pictures on men's arms. It hurts ter'ble while they're doing it, but it'll last forever." The official who took the visitors about

an enclosure lined with wild animals that nobody wants to know, poked a young leopard and explained that he was a fierce beast; that he had killed two young lions, his playmates, and attacked a third. The his playmates, and attacked a third. The visitors acknowledged that even a poet, if poked continually in the ribs with a sharp pointed stick, might evour a couple of companionable lions.

In an adjoining cage two baby leopards their spots from the floor of the

change in spelling.

DREAMLAND ON THE LAST BOAT.

in Dreamland the sense of humor seems

swallow about a quart of whiskey be-

on the staff here. Almost got one my-

self and then something happened. But,

to be rather topsy turvy.

change their spots from the floor of the enclosure to the visitors' arms while the guide explains that the trainer is a wonderul woman. ful woman.

"If you could just listen to her talk!
It's a mixture of French and leopard talk."

"The kind that they teach at the School of Languages?" was asked. And the guide said, "Maybe."

Then you

The animal show is a great attraction. Everybody goes in expecting to see at least one head bitten off. To the credit of the

amined their ticket, "is whether anything funny has happened here. To keep up the New York idea of what Moonland and

"There's only one funny thing I know, said the official, who wore an outing shirt striped with tiger-like bands. "Bennie One's idea of fun in Dreamland is dif-

management be it said that up to date all heads are on. But there are numerous tragic stories of 'How he almost did it yesterday,' or 'They say that something'll be doin' to-day.

"There's lots of tragedy about a place like this," said the official. "You're just stepping on it all the time.

"Now, even the monkeys. You'd think if there was a place free from tragedy it's the monkey cage. But there's one monkey there who simply can't stand it to see a



Dreamland should be, it must be funny."

ferent from what it is in real life, but even

got bit by a rattlesnake."

the bars and carries on something awful."

A disappointed crowd goes out every day

joining the big ballroom, you can eat and at the same time witness the joyous bathing picture which by this time must "Yep," continues the official. "Had to fore they could cure him. There's a great demand for those rattlesnake positions

> A GIRL IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

to the tune of the barker:

"He eats 'em alive."

"But he don't," said a small boy, fretfully. "They ain't et anybody. They just sit on stools and howl. Might just as well go up to The Bronx and Central Park."

The small boy has rights which he insists upon, even at the trained animal show.

show.

Luna Park and Dreamland run each other pretty close when it comes to indigestion cures. The one at Dreamland is called General Bumps. To the casual looker-on they seem to be more specific than general, but possibly not.

To get this treatment you go up what the man from Hoboken calls an osculator and find when you get to the top that the only way down is to bump the bumps. There is a smooth waxed floor laid at an angle of about 45 degrees. On its brilliant surface rise huge swellings, about the size of a human bump of curiosity. You slide a human bump of curiosity. You slide over these bumps and land on a soft mat-tress, where you sit and say fretfully, if you

"I told my wife that some day New York would be blown up with its old subways and such truck."



be imprinted on the memory-film of every would be blown up with its old subways and such truck."

Then you look sheepishly at the crowd, which seems to your distorted fancy like one huge grin, and limp away.

In Luna Park they have a helter-skelter.

BUMPING THE BUMP.

## AFTER TECHNICAL SCHOOLING.

WHAT THE GRADUATE MAY EX-PECT THE FIRST FIVE YEARS.

Pay and Experiences of 150 Young Men From the Massachusetts Institute of Technology-Engineers Who Stayed at Home and Those Who Wandered Far.

The class of '98 of the Massachusetts institute of Technology, the work of which may be taken as typical of the best technical schools in this country, has just issued a record of its experiences during the five rears since graduation. The book contains il most 150 individual records, written by the men themselves.

The records cover a wide field of experience in pure science, applied science, rehitecture and chemistry, and may be aken as a fairly clear indication of what the graduate may expect at the beginning of his career if he sticks to his profession; though many of the records show that the men have gone into fields of activity in no way connected with science or engi-

neering. The pay received by the individual memers of the class is not given; but the editors say that out of 136 graduates two are getting upward of \$10,000 a year; seven between \$7,000 and \$4,000 a year; eight between \$4,000 and \$2,500; four are getting \$2,500; nine between \$2,500 and \$2,000; nine are

getting \$2,000; thirty-seven between \$2,000 and \$1,500; twenty-one are getting \$1,500; twenty-six letween \$1,500 and \$1,000; six are getting \$1,000; four between \$1,000 and \$500, and three receive less than \$500.

The greatest similarity of experience eems to be shown by those in the professions of pure science, architecture and chemistry, while the greatest diversity lies in the experience of the engineers. The latter, in many cases, have been highly adventurous, and have often found themselves with the advance guard of civilization pushing a railroad through the wilderness or picking wealth out of the earth in almost inaccessible places.

Two of the larger electrical manufacturing companies, the General Electric Company of Schenectady and the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburg, offer peculiar advantages in their shops to the young electrical engineer graduate. There he gets the widest experience, for every kind of electrical apparatus that the world ises passes through these great manufacturing establishments; and as he is employed in the manufacture or the testing of first this and then that, he becomes, in time, reasonably familiar with all.

While in this kind of employment he is rated as a special workman or as a student The work is o' such a kind that while he is at it he can not expect to keep his hands clean, must wear overalls to protect his clothes, and his hours will be the same as the laborer's. His pay averages from 12 cents to 15 cents a working hour for the first six months and is increased by regular







increments for two or three years. If he proves capable he is then promoted to one of the engineering or commercial departments of his company or is assisted to some outside place if he has not already obtained one by his own efforts, for the recommendation of having done the work is very high

The records of the class of '98 seem typical of the young engineer's usual ex-

typical of the young engineer's usual ex-perience. Here is part of one record of an

perience. Here is part of one record of an electrical engineer:
Soon after leaving "Tech" in June, '98, he went to work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard as an electrical machinist, and remained there several months. He then went to Schenectady and entered the testing department of the General Electric Company. After about two months of day work he entered the night shift, on which he continued for twenty-two months. He remained in the night work by preference, as it seemed to give better opportunities for original research and more extended experience. During this time he became acquainted with all branches of testing. Then he was promoted to the designing

office. Afterward he became connected with, and built up from an engineering of the made point of view, a prominent electric street railway system.

Another man, a mechanical engineer, went West to get experience. He writes that he has been arrested for displaying a

that he has been affected for displaying a gun when attacked by a mob of strikers, has been egged by striking trainmen and has had other lively experiences.

Another man found excitement in another way at home. He connected himself with the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company, made all the drawings for the Columbia and had charge of her construction. In that summer, he writes, he lost twenty pounds; but he put on ten in the week after the yacht won.

Of those who entered with the class, but

after the yacht won.

Of those who entered with the class, but did not finish, one writes that he left Boston for San Francisco with the idea of going to the Klondike in the spring. While waiting for the season to open up he thought he would go to sea. He found the sea congenial, gave up Alaska and finally settled in Honolulu as shipping clerk with a fertilizer company. He soon outgrew his place

and was made assistant superintendent of the factory and chemist, and later was made office manager. He adds that he has had the pleasure of seeing his com-pany's sales sheet show an increase of 100 per cent. in four years

> Sea Lions Are Smart Feeders. From the St. Nicholas.

Those who are constantly associated with animals at a zoo see many comical and inter-esting sights, and keepers of such places

have many stories to relate.

The sea lions are very much "smarter" than their appearance suggests, and while they are always interesting, their method of feeding is one of the most amusing things in the gardens. The keeper brings to the edge of the pond a pail of fish, which average perhaps a foot in length, and flings each one as far out as he can, when the sea lions, with amazing rapidity, swim to get them. I think that I have never yet seen a fish strike



they have shrunken to fit these diminutive

dimensions.

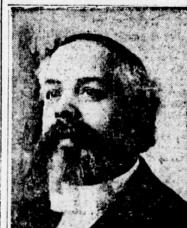
Out again into the real world—if that can be called a real world which offers Fatal Weddings, Haunted Swings, Crystal Mazes, Trips to the Moon, Subterranean Cities and Aerial Dancing. It is a place of illusions. People are always talking about those they have lost. There is no reason why such sighers should not find them all there—either in Dreamland or Luna.

The managers of the two places contend that instead of rivalry each helps the other—"It's a funny thing," said one of them, but people begin and they've got to see everything. You get the show fever and you come back and come back, fearing you've missed something that is netter than what you did see. Oh, no, there no rivalry, quite the con-tra-ry."





CHILDREN'S HOUR ON THE HELTER SKELTER.



## **Cure Cancers** and Tumors

By Absorption

NO KNIFE NO PAIN

A little pimple, a harmless looking wart or mole, a lump in the breast, a cut or bruise that refuses to heal under ordinary treatment, should all be looked upon with suspicion, as this is often the beginning of a bad form-of-

useless, painful and dangerous, and, pesique, never Cancer.

No matter how often a cancerous sore is removed, and other comes at or hear the same point, and always in a worse form. Does not this prove conclusively that cancer is a blood disease, and that it is folly to attempt to extra this deep-seated, dangerous blood trouble by cutting of burning out the sore, which, after all, is only an outward sign of the disease—a place of exit for the poison?

Cancer runs in families through many generations, and those whose ancestors have been afflicted with it are liable malady.

at any time to be stricken with the deadly malady.

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